Spring 1964

The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 17, no. 3

John Carroll University

CARROLL QUARTERLY

CARROLL QUARTERLY

VOLUME 17 SPRING 1964 NUMBER 3

The CARROLL QUARTERLY is published by an undergraduate staff at John Carroll University to encourage literary expression among students, alumni, and faculty. Editorial and publication offices: John Carroll University, University Heights, Cleveland 18, Ohio.


UNIVERSITAS JOANNIS CARROLL
1886

Contents

Contest Notices

This is the third number of the *Carroll Quarterly's* seventeenth volume. Although its contents ask no more attention than perusal (and comment, should the occasion arise), their significance does demand notice.

Consequently, in view of the recent announcement of the English Department of John Carroll University in conjunction with the Catholic Poetry Society of America concerning the first annual award of the society's medal for excellence in poetry, be it noted that this medal will be presented to that student of the University whose poem or poems show greatest evidence of poetic excellence, as judged by a Poetry Medal Committee headed by Mr. James Magner of the English Department. Emphasized is the fact that, unless otherwise specified, all poetry appearing in either the past editions or future edtion of this seventeenth volume of the *Quarterly* is therewith eligible for the award which will be presented, contrary to the original notification, at the Honors Convocation on May 18.

Also to be noted are the current awards being offered by the *Carroll Quarterly* itself for those works of high literary quality which likewise appear in the publication. Prizes of twenty-five dollars each will be presented to the authors of those pieces judged second and third in excellence, and an award of fifty dollars will be offered to the writer whose work is judged highest in merit. All poetry, fiction, and essays published by the *Quarterly* in any of this year's four editions, save those whose authors are also members of the *Quarterly* staff, will be eligible for the respective awards.

In conclusion, be it noted that the *Quarterly* reserves the privilege of withholding any or all of these latter awards, should it be decided that no pieces have been submitted worthy of such recognition.

Steven J. Lautermilch
Editor-in-Chief

A Word

STEVEN SILVER

The mutant paused near the mouth of the Old One's cave. His single eye noted that the shredded and dirty red, white, and blue sheet was draped over the partially charred cross of ancient planks located directly over the cave entrance. This was a strong power, he knew; ancient legend had it that the Great Ones had used these very same amulets before the Burning. Something of the very greatest importance must be happening inside the Old One's cave. Perhaps . . . perhaps the gods were giving a word. He lurched into the cave, resembling nothing less than an ape.

His eye was slow adjusting to the change in lighting, but he could tell by his sense of smell that nearly all the other warrior-males of his tribe were present—perhaps forty in all. He sat on the dirt floor beside another human as his sight became adjusted. In front of the crowd was the Old One. He spoke to them in a language found between English and the utterances of a swine.

The Old One held up an olive-drab box. A spool of tape and several dials could be seen on its top. A yellow stencil proclaimed to uncomprehending eyes that this was one U.S. Army R-665A Tape Recorder, Solar Battery Powered. The Old One's voice rose and fell in a continuous chant.

The mutant watched anxiously; there was going to be a word from the gods!

The Old One placed the machine on a stone altar. The mob leaned forward expectantly. The Old One pushed a button and turned a dial. And then, for perhaps the ten thousandth time since the voice of the gods had been found near the burned metal dinosaur with the white star on the turret, a man spoke to the descendants of man.

"We don't know why, or who, but . . ." Parts of the tape were worn from overuse. "Last week they launched . . . devastating nearly all of . . . retaliation was . . . But we now know, if we didn't before, just how beautiful peace was. Oh, God! If we could just . . . want peace. No more fighting. Just peace." Here the voice rose and the men leaned even further forward to hear the Word. "Peace. Peace! PEACE!"

Though they did not understand it, the Word was still deeply moving to the men. They could sense that with this Word, they could come

Steven Silver, affiliated with the Pershing Rifles, is a freshman at John Carroll University.

to no harm; after all, did not the gods themselves send it to them? They began to chant it, their beings taken up with the force of the word. They emerged from the cave, still chanting the Word. Yes, this was a word to live for. This was a Word to be protected with.

And so it was that when the warrior-males of the tribe swept down out of the hills on their neighbors, with spear and club in bloodied hand, they chanted their word.

"Peace! Peace! PEACE!"

Teaching the College Student About Communism: Phase II

GEORGE H. HAMPSCH

Professor John Somerville of Hunter College in a recent article in a philosophical journal mentions that there are three significant attitudes or approaches taken by non-Communists to the ideology associated with Soviet Communuism.

1) It is basically a criminal conspiracy which should be dealt with by security agencies. It is not another ideology, but a plot disguised as an ideology.

2) While not criminal, it is totally immoral. It is essentially an ideology along with the others, but unlike the others, this one must always be approached as an enemy rather than a competitor, as something that must be defeated and expunged rather than competitively lived with or cooperated with. It exists, but it cannot be accepted as having a moral right to exist.

3) It is an ideology which, to be understood, must be approached with the degree of seriousness and open-mindedness normally used in approaching other ideologies. It has an equal right with the others to exist and to seek converts; like the others, it is a mixed moral picture. Whatever the extent of disagreement with it, the recognition of its merits and of common ground between it and our own religion or ideology will strengthen chances of peace, human survival and social progress.

Whether or not one is inclined to agree with Professor Somerville that these three positions are all-inclusive, nevertheless there is no reason to doubt his assertions that approaches 1 and 2 are what have predominated in this country since the end of World War II to a larger extent than in any other major country. This holds true in spite of the fact that approach 3 is that to which UNESCO is basically committed. Also approach 3 has been accepted on a considerable scale in other large, non-Communist countries, and is the position apparently held by such respected world figures as Nehru, U Thant, and the late Pope John XXIII. Yet in practice there so far is little commitment to it in this country. Be that as it may, it is the opinion of the present writer that in the light of current facts, approach 3 is the only one that can conceivably be used to teach college students about Communism in a way that is both intellectually objective and useful to them in meeting realistically the problems of the next few decades.

Dr. Hampsch, Assistant Professor of Philosophy at John Carroll, received his Ph.D. from the University of Notre Dame. He is the author of the forthcoming book, The Theory of Communism, *to be published by Philosophical Library, Inc.*

To hold such an opinion does not necessarily imply that at one time other approaches to the teaching about Communism did not have some validity or even some expediency attached to them. Hence, it is not too difficult to perceive the wisdom of Pius XI in issuing his encyclical on atheistic communism in 1937. At that period of history there was most probably a real need to point out the atheistic and materialistic aspects of Marxism to the workers of Europe, lest they flock to the ranks of the Party to alleviate their intolerable economic and social situation, without realizing in what jeopardy such a solution placed their religious heritage and the Christian value system.

Likewise, after World War II there was, no doubt, a real need to make common knowledge certain basic tenets of Marxian Communism such as world revolution, the world-wide destruction of capitalism, the infiltration of bourgeois governments, etc. In addition, facts such as that the Chinese Communist Party was not merely a group of agrarian reformers, that *de facto* the Communist Movement had at its disposal a spy network, and so on, needed to be known in order to understand the changing post-war power structure and the danger to our present system of government. This making known the evils and dangers of Communism can be said to have constituted Phase I in the teaching of Marxist ideology.

But the need of Phase I, for the most part, has passed. The flow of history has altered somewhat our relationship with Communism. We require a knowledge of it which is ordered to this new relationship. To continue to emphasize those aspects of Marxism that separate the earth into two opposing forces is to continue to play the childish but deadly game of brinkmanship and (what is perhaps far worse) to pass on this generation's hatred and feuds to the youth of both camps and thus continue them for another generation—if such there be.

The task of teaching about the evils and dangers of Communism has been accomplished well. Surely there is not a man, woman or child in the nation who has been able to avoid the indoctrination that Marxist ideology represents an inferior economic system, social order, moral order, philosophy, or that Communism is dedicated to the violent overthrow of the American way of life, etc. To continue with this line of teaching is to run both the risk of repetition *ad nauseam* and the consequent reactions of boredom, indifference, and suspicion of motive on the part of some, and the risk of complete closing of the mind to the possibility of ideological coexistence and dialogue, on the part of others.

That the approach to the teaching of Communism must be reformulated is perhaps best evidenced by the questions that students spontaneously ask today. These questions do not primarily revolve around the evils of Communism. Rather, the students dwell on such problems as: Why is there Communism in the world today? Why are Communism and its proponents so influential? Why do not all uncommitted nations flock to our side in the Cold War? What has Communism to offer that makes it a threat to our national prestige and popularity? These questions must be met head-on and answered objectively, not only as they apply to the

order of practical diplomacy and power politics, but more importantly, as they refer to the ideological order. It is only in this way that the upcoming generation will be able to face realistically the world they will be a part of as adults.

To answer these questions is of course more difficult than to ask them. Their complexity cannot be over-emphasized. Yet basically their answers center on the discovery of that moral vacuum in present society that Communism is trying to fill. Once this is known by the student, the reasons for the existence and influence of Communism become more clear.

When the student also recognizes that the filling of social vacuums is a goal both legitimate and laudatory (for as the noted Professor Harold Laski once pointed out: true social needs can always be discovered in an analysis of popular movements), then he begins to recognize that we have likewise found an area of peaceful cooperation with Communism. By joining efforts whenever possible, *i.e.*, whenever there is no conflict of moral principles in the choice of means to the end, those goals which Communist ideology has in common with Western ideology and most major religions of the world—the social, moral, and economic enrichment of mankind—will more surely come about. It is primarily the making known of the goals that we have in common with Communism, the pointing out of those areas in which Communism has something positive to contribute towards mankind's progress, and suggesting methods of implementing cooperation by people of differing ideologies that constitutes Phase II of teaching about Communism.

Of course the prudent teaching of Phase II requires of the teacher a complete familiarization with the tenets of Marxism. Beyond this it also presupposes that the following two conditions are at least implicitly realized by the student. 1) Communist ideology represents a mixed moral picture. Certain aspects of that ideology are morally unacceptable by those living in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. 2) Any hope of success in the arena of ideological dialogue, as well as in ending the political Cold War, ultimately depends on the good will of *both* parties to arrive at a solution.

In regard to the first point, there is little danger that knowledge of the moral difference between Communism and the student's ideology or religion will be missing. As has been pointed out, the imparting of this knowledge has been widespread. Rather than feeling the need to further belabor this point, the teacher will in all probability find himself spending considerable time attempting to dispel in the student somewhat fixed notions about the impossibility of dialogue with the proponents of such an evil conspiracy. It is safe to say that there is little danger that as the result of teaching Phase II the American student of this decade will accept Marxism-Leninism *in toto*. But the second of the conditions may present somewhat of a problem.

An objection might be justifiably raised that any efforts toward an "ecumenical" dialogue with Communism is doomed from its inception

by the very fact that the "give-and-take" of a successful dialogue will necessarily be unilateral. While the Soviets have generally led the way in instigating programs of peaceful coexistence in the areas of international relations, economic cooperation, cultural exhanges, and almost every other field with the exception of space exploration and intercontinental communications, Khrushchev and the other Communist theoreticians have always insisted that there can be "no peaceful coexistence when it comes to ideology!" The Marxist ideology itself forbids its compromise. Hence, it may be argued that the Communists will use any attempt at cooperation or dialogue as an opportunity to further their own cause—the final triumph of Marxist-Lenin ideology (with much the same attitude, incidentally, as those few Catholics who feel that the current ecumenical movement in Christianity is useful only to the degree that it is instrumental in bringing about increased conversions to the Roman Catholic Church. This objection, of course, has some validity. But it is also true that as a consequence of the ideological intransigency of the Communist, only we can take the initiative in this matter. We have long enough been allowing Communism to take the initiative while contenting ourselves with the role of adjusting to its policies. In this area, however, nothing will be done unless we make the overtures. Likewise, it is well to point out that men of good will are by no means excused from seeking a solution to this or any other social problem simply because the antagonist is not cooperating as they would wish.

But what about the Communist? Is he so adamant regarding his ideology that there is no hope of fruitful dialogue? With the present generation of Bolsheviks there is perhaps little hope for any significant progress in this direction, although the precedent of open communication on ideological matter might be set. But we do have reason to be optimistic about the young generation in countries of the Communist bloc. It is evident that they have begun to recognize that certain Western practices and ideals have something to offer mankind that is lacking in the communist society in which they live. But their acceptance of these Western values is not something inevitable. There are serious stumbling blocks in their way that only we can remove. And it will take more serious efforts than that of beaming radio broadcasts behind the Iron Curtain to bring about an appreciation of Western values. For we can hardly expect Communist youth, grounded as they are in Marxism, to accept the American concept of democracy, for example, if they have any objective basis for viewing it as a system which allows, under the cloak of well-defined political liberties, the few to gain economic ascendency at the expense and exploitation of the many; or if they are able to see within this form of democracy a consistent policy of making social or technological progress subservient to vested interest or to the quest for profit.

Nor can we expect of the youthful liberals of the Communist nations any significant appreciation of Christian values if they have reason to look to organized Christianity as being more intent on maintaining auth-

ority and order than in overcoming the social injustice that that authority and order often protects, encourages and keeps in existence.

But there is hope that if we do our fair share to make the "ecumenical" movement of Communism and the West possible, if we strive to eradicate as best we can the evils present in our own economic, political, religious and moral society by practical activity, a response will be forthcoming. We have reason to hope—for Communist youth has the same intelligence and ideals as all youth (perhaps more). They, or certainly their children, will respond to our good will; and what at present appears as mankind's greatest danger—the Cold War—may very well prove to be the occasion for man's greatest advancement.

Kaleidoscope Nightmare

STEVEN SILVER

The blunt-nosed warhead came howling
out of the blackness of space,
Sent from the other side of the globe it
erupted into a white-hot
orb of death and devastation that
sent out its terrible tendrils of
destruction that caught all in a swiftness
quick even for death, and in the
frozen and searing second between the quick
and the dead a million scenes were
seen for the last time:
the swastica on the wall from "intellectuals
the rat-infested and decrepit growing slums,
the police dog at the guts of the nigger-boy,
the young animals in the black jackets having a rumble,
the mother and her small child and black pepper,
the glutton and the starving many,
and the non-seeing, non-caring masses all
died as the kaleidoscope changed from the
many details into one vast red death.

Tom Jones: A Review

TONY KUHN

If you're tired of school, winter, and life in general, get a head start on spring by seeing *Tom Jones*. This screen adaption of Henry Fielding's 1749 novel will bring back May Day if anything will. *Tom Jones* is peopled with characters who charge life as if it were San Juan hill.

As the movie opens, an illegitimate baby—Tom—has been strategically placed in one Squire Allworthy's bed by plan of the ruined mother. The squire, being a good and virtuous man, decides, via the silent screen method of subtitles, to raise the boy as if he were his own son. At this point, a harpsichord goes mildly berserk in the background, and the credits appear with pomp and circumstance while Tom's baby face yawns and smiles serenely.

With the titles completed, a narrator breaks in audibly, and Albert Finney appears visually as Tom, age early twenties, sauntering at night through the merry old woods of merry old England. And lo and behold, who should Tom come upon but merry old Molly, rustic daughter of Mr. Allworthy's gamekeeper. Molly has a few games of her own, and this is where Tom's troubles begin. Tom seems always to be entangled with the ladies although only one Miss Sophie Weston holds the key to his very large heart.

However, there are more earnest foes of Tom's happiness than the ladies, for Mr. Allworthy's blood nephew, Blifil, is bound and determined to be the sole heir to his uncle's fortune and also the sole husband of Sophie, whose father's estate borders that of Mr. Allworthy. To help him in his quest, Blifil is lucky to have two refugee Cheshire cats who serve as tutors to himself and Tom. Being legitimate as well as an ass, Blifil holds the key to their conniving little hearts; and when the triumvirate succeed in getting Tom thrown out of Mr. Allworthy's house, Tom's adventurers as an independent man of the world begin on a grand scale.

Albert Finney's Tom is a cross between Robin Hood and the Wife of Bath. He is constantly brilliant, original in his every word and gesture. He's a rake, a poet, a lover, a hero, but always an honest man who knows the true meaning of charity. Larger than life, the actor dwarfs all swashbucklers who have preceded him on the screen. Beneath the bravado and carefreeness of Tom lies the discipline and calculated precision of acting at its finest.

Susannah York's Sophie attains a femininity which would make any male in the audience ready to emulate Tom's flower picking, poetry recitation, and arduous courting. She is fresh and untouched and the perfect lamb to tame Tom's March lion.

The producers must have raided the backstage of the Old Vic to

Tony Kuhn, now a sophomore at John Carroll University, comes from Toledo, Ohio.

assemble the supporting cast. Dame Edith Evans is hilarious as Sophie's caste-conscious aunt, determined to see her niece married to the prim and proper Blifil. Hugh Griffith, as Sophie's father, is blustering and coarse, Falstaff in a flowing wig and the perfect sparring partner for his cultured sister. The only point these two opposites agree upon is that Sophie should marry Blifil. Her aunt eulogizes his culture and even more so, his legitimacy, while Sophie's father, though he loves his daughter dearly, loves the joining of the two estates even more.

Notable among Tom's feminine acquaintances are Joan Greenwood, as one Lady Bellaston, and Joyce Redman as a Mrs. Waters. Lady Bellaston flirts with Tom as Queen of the Fairies in a magnificent masked ball sequence. Mrs. Waters, a lady in distress whom our hero rescues, is a bit more down to earth in her approach. She is escorted by Tom to an inn after her terrible experience, and over soup, chicken, lobster, oysters, and the juiciest fruit ever seen on the screen, Mrs. Waters bats her greedy eyes and happily leads poor Tom astray.

The picture gives a view of eighteenth-century England better than any history or literature course ever could. Every facet of English life is touched with a quick and deft brush. The hunt sequence is a virtual incantation to nature. It's wild, gay, bawdy, exciting, and vicious when the camera focuses on the limp tongue and torn throat of the deer, while the yelping dogs stand drooling nearby. In another part of the film, London's streets live again complete with genteel ladies, prostitutes, vegetable hawkers, and even a cadaver being carefully lowered into a cheap coffin. The prison of London drags the camera into its depths of filth, depression, pathos, and horror. All through the picture the viewer is barraged with close-ups of faces in the crowds and streets, but never are they used so effectively as they are in the hanging scenes. Gnarled, painted, dirty, handsome, wealthy, young, ugly—each face is a story in itself, a presentation of England's people of the mid-eighteenth century, and a tribute to the originality of director Tony Richardson. However, this originality finds expression in other channels also. It revels in asides to the audience by the actors, countryside scenes, and handsome manors chosen with great insight as to just what the plot called for. What Mr. Richardson has done is to plunge into *Tom Jones* and come up with greasy chicken legs, elegant ladies, an inn that almost smells of ale and age, and performances that glory in their earthy lines, bulky clothes, and wine-filled cups.

Tom Jones is in every way superior. Acting, direction, script, cinematography, and music never falter. The film unfurls its tale as if it were the British flag on coronation day. But one word of caution—if your idea of sex is *Move Over, Darling,* of excitement, *Bonanza,* and of art, a gripping portrayal by Kirk Douglas, then forget *Tom Jones* because it wages a war on mediocrity the likes of which battle has never been seen before. It exemplifies the discipline, intelligence, and attention with which the screen is able to present a piece of literature. It's not for the weak conformist, it's for the individualist. *Tom Jones* is right up at the top with the best films ever made, and as the marquee at the Ohio proclaimed, *Tom Jones* is "Great."

To the Thresher

STEVEN SILVER

We do not know how,
and may never know,
But we do know why
she died in the sea.

"The price of freedom,"
her death was called,
by some patriot of long age,
and the price was paid.
"Ask not," another man had said,
and her crew did not,
But did all they could ever do,
and a wreath was placed on the sea.

Meaning in Poetry

JACK KENESEY

In his *What is Art?* (1898), the great Russian novelist, Leo Tolstoy, wrote that

> it cannot be said that the majority of people lack the taste to esteem the highest works of art. The majority always have understood, and still understand, what we also recognize as being the very best art: the epic of Genesis, the Gospel parables, folk-legends, fairy-tales, and folk songs are understood by all. How can it be that the majority has suddenly lost its capacity to understand what is high in our art? . . . If art fails to move men, it cannot be said that this is due to the spectators' or hearers' lack of understanding; but the conclusion to be drawn may, and should be, that such art is either bad art, or is not art at all.

W. J. Bate has said that Tolstoy's criticism shows "a narrowness . . . both in his restricted idea of the proper subject matter of art and in his belief that the only manner in which art educates is in the most elementary and direct ways." Nevertheless, some of Tolstoy's ideas can be applied to the contemporary situation.

Why did the late John Kennedy ask Robert Frost to offer a poem for the inauguration ceremony? The answer to this question might lie in the fact that other contemporary poets are unintelligible to the majority of the people, the majority who "have understood, and still understand" what is "the very best art." The influence of romanticism, descending through Coleridge, Poe, the Symbolists, and the Imagists, has tended to make the majority of the people indifferent to what an intellectual minority terms "good poetry."

The value of a good poem is not found in its unintelligibility, simply because the majority of the people will not be hoodwinked by obscurity. The majority of the people can understand the content of a really good poem. Here outlined are those characteristics which are evident in poems written in the classical tradition of poetry, which would seem to be the true and only tradition of good poetry. Although all these characteristics will not be found in their "pure" form in every classical poem, they do help to indicate whether or not a poem is in the classical tradition.

To begin with, a good poem, apart from its basic intelligibility or clarity, provides the readers or the hearers with instruction and pleasure. The classical poet realizes that his poetry must both instruct and delight, else his art loses its significance. It is sufficient to say that the classical poet is sincere with his readers: he treats real human experience as he

knows it, applying universal experience to a particular situation. In this sense, the classical poet is not interested in the "intuitive response" of the romantic; however, the classicist may find imagination valuable insofar as the imagination contributes to the poet's "imitation of nature." Classical poetry's ideal function is never to communicate the poet's own feelings, but rather to imitate nature, that is, to make a particular circumstance universally applicable to mankind.

A classical poet invariably treats an important subject, often love or religion, two important factors in every man's life. An example of the love theme is the following stanza from John Donne's *The Good-Morrow:*

> I wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
> Did, till we lov'd? Were we not wean'd till then?
> But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
> Or snorted we in the seaven sleepers den?
> T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee.
> If ever any beauty I did see,
> Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee . . .

Classical poetry, then, unlike modern poetry which is so wound up in the poet's own psychoanalysis that it loses meaning for everyone but the poet himself, makes its appeal to all of the people. Content treated, it is necessary to proceed to the form of classical poetry, a form recognized centuries before the advent of romanticism and romanticism's extremist outgrowths, Symbolist and Imagist poetry.

Poetry in the classical tradition has an accentual-syllabic meter, chiefly iambic. Iambic is the meter of the naturally spoken English language. Nearly all classical poetry is rhymed. Furthermore, the poetry is uniform; that is, classical poetry has a definite poetic stanza and a definable poetic line. (One might contrast this with the free verse, unrhymed paragraphs of some romantic poetry.) The parts of the classical poem are arranged in a logical or chronological sequence. This is characteristic of the classical poem because the poet believes that much of the pleasure of good poetry is found in its intellectual appeal. Consider the logical pattern of George Herbert's *Church Monuments:*

> While that my soul repairs to her devotion,
> Here I entomb my flesh, that it betimes
> May take acquaintance of this heap of dust,
> To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
> Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
> Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust
>
> My body to this school, that it may learn
> To spell his elements, and find his birth
> Written in dusty heraldry and lines
> Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
> Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
> These laugh at Jet and Marble put for signs

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
When they shall bow and kneel and fall down flat
To kiss those heaps which now they have in trust?
Dear Flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
And true descent; that when thou shalt grow fat

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know
That flesh is but the glass which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below
How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

Contrast this poem about death with the first "stanza" of E. E. Cummings' poem on the same subject:

gee I like to think of dead it means nearer because deeper
firmer since darker than little round water at one end of
the well it's too cool to be crooked and it's too firm
to be hard but it's sharp and thick and it loves, every
old thing falls in rosebuds and jacknives and kittens and
pennies they all sit there looking at each other having the
fastest time because they've never met before . . .

Which of these two poems has more intellectual appeal? The question is ridiculous. Herbert's poem makes the reader think about the meaning of life, especially, the meaning of a just, moral life. The reader's common sense will distinguish true poetry from the specious.

The classical poet, on the other hand, is not unemotional. Rather, he carefully controls his emotion: he is not a sentimentalist; the emotional appeal of his poetry is appropriate to the subject matter of the poem.

Classical poetry has its roots in rationalism and in the realities of Christianity. The classical poet appeals to the intellect and to the will of his readers. He feels that if classicism could find a permanent place in our society today, real poetic art might find a home in the hearts and minds of the majority of the people. This is not to say that all contemporary poetry is bad poetry; to say so is both unfair and untrue. Yet the obscurity of much modern poetry has driven people further from reading poetry. Perhaps a return to the classical premises would stimulate the majority of the people to a deeper appreciation for the poetry which really belongs to them.

Let the poet employ the characteristics of the classical tradition of poetry, and let him direct his poem to the intellect and will of the people. Then poetry will have meaning for the lawyer, doctor, factory worker, and farmer, as well as for the aesthete and college pseudo-intellectual. The poet can then call his work a "good poem." If the poet returns to the classical premises, he can reiterate after Alexander Pope:

In wit as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

A return to classicism will convey that "joint force and full result" of all poetry to all the people.

Seventy-nine-year-old historian, Will Durant, recently said that

> . . . Most of our literary and social philosophy after 1850 was the voice of freedom against the parent, of the pupil against the teacher. Through many years I shared in that individualistic revolt . . . But now that I too am old, I wonder whether the battle I fought was not too completely won. Let us say humbly but publicly that we resent corruption in politics, dishonesty in business, faithlessness in marriage, pornography in literature, coarseness in language, chaos in music, meaninglessness in art.

This is the problem. The question is when will men recognize it, and once recognized, when will they proceed to give it answers? Only when poets and all other artists grasp the very tenet they have rejected —the subjection of emotion to reason and will to intellect—will they attain truth and meaning in art, two basic realities of poetry in the classical tradition.

Universal

E. C.

It will be good to be alone,
And know at last
The quiet peace
Of solitude
Forevermore.
It will be good to be alone,
But let not sleep descend too soon
Lest I am found with dreams
Too few
And dreams too small,
To last
Throughout
Eternity.

Poems ascribed here to E. C. are the work of a John Carroll Evening College student who wishes to remain anonymous.

The Legitimacy of Modern Poetry

C. A. COLOMBI, JR.

Mention the name "modern poet," and the image summoned in most people's minds is that of an increasingly mad beatnik, of unheroic proportions to say the least, whose literary "fits" defile nice, clean, white paper with hasty scribbles of obscure meaninglessness—in short, that person of whom the classicist would generate contempt; the end-product of misguided man befuddled with illusions of the romantic.

Why this dislike, distrust, and complaint? As one inclined to defend the tenets under which modern poetry operates, if not the entire body of the work of all modern poets (any more than he who is philosophically inclined to the tenets of classic poetry would be foolhardy enough to stand in defense of every classically aligned poet in all his works), I must admit that I am somewhat confused as to the literary sins alleged to be those of modern poetry.

The first major sin consigned is that of imagination as content, or what the modern poet would call his attempt to evoke from the listener the intuitive response; the immediate, arational, emotive response for which the modern poet strives, as an attempt at the much deeper communication of that which is "felt" in exchange for the classic communication of that which is "thought."

The content of modern poetry, then, is offered in terms of the arational experience which the poet wishes to share, rather than the rational exposition which the classicist demands must be understood.

The second trespass levied upon modern poetry involves multiplicity of level. While it is proper for the classicist to write his poem in only one dimension, and while he is forced to drive onward to his only purpose, the modernist is free to write in many dimensions of meaning, and for a plurality of purpose. That this might be too confusing for the surface-oriented, unemotional listener to understand, because of his lack of training, doesn't make the poetry of moderns less valid, in the same sense that good Chinese poetry would be valid, whether or not, being unable to speak or read Chinese, I could ever attempt to understand it.

Modern poetry may be written with a vertical multiplicity of content, then, and is not restricted to horizontal singularity.

A third sin said to be on the soul of the modernist is in close relation to the second sin ascribed to the multiplicity of form. This third sin is the obscurity caused by indefiniteness of form. In defense of the use of form to cause more than one interpretation of a word, or group of words, let me ask what could more comfortably be suited to the modern-

it's multiplicity of purpose? Must we be cut-and-dried rationalists in an emotional situation? If the modernist wishes to stress two or more preoccupations or tensions at once, in a union of "present" or eternal "nowness," who is the classicist to deny him this new-found freedom of literary expression of a very penetrating nature? If the modern poet wishes a word, or a group of words, to convey two, three, or more meanings, and all of them in equal stress to the totality of the poem, why not admire him and try to stay with him in his leaping and soaring, instead of discounting him, for fear that a too-strenuous imaginative workout might leave you tired? I might be completely wrong in admiring the modernist for his complexity, but I do know that his purpose in becoming complex is not to obscure; rather, it is to release the imagination from its former intellectual constraint under the majority of classicism.

And talk about obscurity! It seems to me that the criticism of obscurity more properly should be placed on the soul of the classicist—or can the reader of this article possibly attempt Milton or Pope without Bullfinch for a companion? It also seems rather strange to me, while we're on Milton, that the pivotal point of *Paradise Lost,* depending solely on the intuitive response evoked by the two simple words "she eat," is continually soft-pedaled by the classicist when it comes to the imagination contained therein.

Please cease to fault the modern poet who, in direct line of inheritance from the Romantic, attempts to communicate with God-given imagination. As a final defense, allow me to cite the work of a modern poet named Lawrence Ferlinghetti. To some he may be far from "the definitive modern poet" sought by myself at this juncture, but listen to his words with the understanding that he is trying to ink an expression founded on the work of his imagination.

The selection, in all its satanic "obscurity," is from the first part of Ferlinghetti's *Christ Climbed Down:*

Christ climbed down
from His bare Tree
this year
and ran away to where
there were no gilded Christmas trees
and no tinsel Christmas trees
and no tinfoil Christmas trees
and no pink plastic Christmas trees
and no gold Christmas trees
and no black Christmas trees
and no powderblue Christmas trees
hung with electric candles
and encircled by tin electric trains
and clever cornball relatives

Christ climbed down
from His bare Tree
this year
and ran away to where
no intrepid Bible salesmen
covered the territory
in two-tone cadillacs
and where no Sears Roebuck creches
complete with plastic babe in manger
arrived by parcel post
the babe by special delivery
and where no televised Wise Men
praised the Lord Calvert Whiskey

Yes, the above is definitely religious (more so than a number of musty *Missa* poems, which can never equal, as literature, the penetration of the above lines, into the very soul of the modern listener), and no, it isn't guilty of obscurity. I rest my case for the legitimacy of modern poetry, assuming that any listener will admit that the above lines *are* valid literature, in the light of what has been said here, be he classicist or not.

The Lonely and the Articulate

STEVE WARNER

A beast of the field moans a few times
When death takes its young:
And we are voiceless in the presence of realities
We cannot speak

—Edgar Lee Masters, "Silence"

I think that man is essentially alone and inarticulate. And among men, the artist is one of the loneliest, partially because he takes as his goal the conquering of inarticulateness.

The false image people have thrown onto the artist is one of irresponsibility and gaudy living. The idea that the artist has lived and is living a great part of his life with loneliness is not realized. When I use the word "artist," I am not talking about the hack, nor the dilettantes who create in their spare time; nor am I talking about the craftsman who paints a mural on the wall of a supermarket. I am talking about the serious artist who works regularly and has something to say.

First, the artist must learn by himself. A man can be taught how to mix paints or represent depth, but this is not art. How to say something worthwhile and how to say it well on a piece of canvas can only be self-taught. No one can help the young artist by giving him any keystone secrets because there aren't any besides practice, work and discipline.

Unless the artist is phenomenally gifted, he must serve a self-imposed apprenticeship. Nothing can be so arduous, or lonely, as spending hours on a sketch that no one will ever see. Nothing is so depressing as doing the best that one can on a piece and realizing, at the end, that it is artistically worthless. But there is no other way to learn.

Even after the artist has completed his apprenticeship, he still must face the daily, lonely struggle with his medium. For long hours he must forget all personal, human contacts and center his thoughts solely on his work. Again, people have a false idea about the process of creating; they think it is done quickly and painlessly. To take an idea and somehow bring life to it until it breathes by itself is a mysterious and laborious procedure.

I had the opportunity to work for a few months with an artist-art teacher from the University of Pennsylvania He would get emotional when speaking about the difficulty of his work. He said that painting was the hardest, most trying thing he has ever done. For every thin line

Steven A. Warner, presently a sophomore at John Carroll, resides at his home in Cleveland, Ohio.

he paints on a canvas, he must make a thousand decisions where the next one should be. He said that a serious painter doesn't hum while he paints; if he does anything, he grits his teeth.

Some people theorize that the artist is alone because he does not truly become a part of any social group, but remains as an observant outsider. One example cited is that of Jonathan Swift who could not form any strong personal, religious or political allegiances. He was born in Ireland but his parents were English. He became an Anglican priest, but he did not take his religious duties seriously. He wrote for the Whigs and later for the Tories. He never married and his career kept him shuttling back and forth from Ireland to England.

Many beginning artists must hold down part time jobs during their apprenticeship years. Their incomes classify them as lower class or lower middle class, yet they are creating for the higher classes who have the leisure and tastes necessary to enjoy their work.

Since the artist's world is one of personal expression, he does not want to lose his identity by conforming to group thinking. Since their goal in life is to say something, they hate the common man's materialism and baseness. Artists are nonconformists because they think they understand man all too well and this knowledge alienates them.

But the artist is most alone in his unhappiness. I think the correlation between artistic greatness and unadjustment is above mere coincidence and chance. Probably you have heard the platitude, "In order to be an artist one must suffer." The artist's suffering is often a physical thing such as crippleness, physical deformity, poverty or uncontrollable vices. Other times it is a mental anguish which torments the artist's soul. I don't want to confuse a necessary condition with a cause. If this unhappiness is not the cause of a man's turning to art, then it is the thing which grates at his soul until it is sensitive to the touch of a stimulus which would bypass most people.

The artist can sublimate his illicit passions or the legitimate passions he cannot satisfy by turning to art. He finds a way of compensating for a weakness he cannot eliminate. He finds an outlet for his anger. He finds a way of shining a light on an unrealized social problem. He finds a way of proving to people that he has feelings. He finds a way of separating himself from the beast who can only moan in pain.

A few examples can illustrate this point. Swift, who was alienated from the people around him, reacted to his frustration by writing some of the bitterest satire on the foibles he saw in society. The dwarf Toulouse-Lautrec would frequent the Moulin Rouge and other Paris cabarets. His lithographs, sketches and paintings of dancing women are found in many galleries. Proust was allergic to noise and light and did most of his writing in a semi-darkened bedroom, yet he used his hypersensitivity to produce long novels which rely heavily on sense details. Maupassant, an apostle of the prostitutes, kept repeating their story until venereal disease took away his mind. The emotional strength of Van Gogh can be seen even in his most sedate paintings. In more modern times, a saint of ex-

istentialism, Jean Genet, is a self-confessed thief, dope-peddler, male prostitute and pornographer. His allegorical plays, *The Balcony* and *The Blacks,* are attempts on his part to explain his actions. Even if the audience does not accept his point, they must acknowledge his art.

As artists mature, they may outgrow their loneliness or suffering, but the taint of it, the over-ripeness of it will always remain and keep them mentally separated from their contemporaries. Leonard Baskin, a successful sculptor, says: "The world may see me as a nice, pleasant chap, but in my own view I'm a leper, an outlaw, a pariah." Shelley considered himself "a nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet songs."

The theme of loneliness is a dominant one in literature. It can be seen in the first work a student reads in a British literature course, *Beowulf.* Beowulf fights Grendel by himself; then he goes down, alone, to the underwater lair and fights Grendel's dam. Later, the aged Beowulf fights the dragon alone after all of his men, save one, have deserted him. At the end, the ruler Beowulf dies almost alone, with just one of his warriors next to him.

Sir Gawain and the Green Knight appeared six centuries after *Beowulf.* Again, aloneness plays an important part in the story. Gawain must go on his quest alone with the thought that he faces almost certain death and that no one can help him.

Six centuries later, Ernest Hemingway's characters take on fate just as Beowulf and Sir Gawain—alone and stoically. To give just one example, the old man, Santiago, fights alone against the sea and endures without whimpering or flinching.

The characters of the contemporary playwright Edward Albee are alienated people; homosexuals, misfits, masculine women and effeminate men. His plays are steeped in loneliness, misunderstanding, inarticulation, hate and suffering.

It has been said by Flannery O'Connor that all short stories deal exclusively with one type of loneliness or another. Each author identifies himself with a "submerged population." That is, he tells the story of a social group that is separated from society in general. For instance, Maupassant's prostitutes, Hemingway's athletes, J. F. Powers' priests, Malamud's Jews, Salinger's children and adolescents. Then, also, the story is about the personal loneliness of one of these individuals.

There are many examples to choose from, such as *The Overcoat* or *Butter-Ball (Boule de suif),* to illustrate this point. One of the best is Sherwood Anderson's collection of short stories, *Winesburg, Ohio.* All of his characters are people who live in a small town. His only theme is the absolute loneliness of the human being, a loneliness which is personal, deep and frightening. For instance in *Adventure,* Alice Hindman is a lonely, rejected woman approaching her thirties. One night she offered herself to the first man she met; he was old and deaf and did not understand her. She ran home and

> . . . when she got into bed, she buried her face in the pillow and wept broken-heartedly. "What is the matter with me? I will do something dreadful if I'm not careful," she thought, and turning her face to the wall, began trying to force herself to face bravely the fact that many people must live and die alone, even in Winesburg.

Now as I have said, the artist's goal and special problem is the conquering of inarticulation. If the artist can succeed in doing this, he can reach and communicate with untold numbers of people. If he fails, he loses the dignity of those who suffer in silence, and it is as if he is talking to himself. If he fails to articulate, he loses confidence; he begins to think that he has nothing to say or he begins to feel like a beast who can only moan in pain. Nothing mocks quite so much as broken promises or a studio of unwanted paintings or a desk drawer of unread stories.

A common question asked of non-verbal art is, "What is he trying to say?" A few artists who can put their ideas directly into words are able to explain what they mean. Many others are not. Leonard Baskin, the sculptor I have mentioned, is one of the more articulate. He says, "I can't find any verbal equivalents for what I'm trying to say in my work. I can't really tell you in words what they stand for. All I can say is that I think man, however debased, paunchy, and victimized by a malign world, is still glorious."

A musician, as a painter, tries to communicate unspoken emotion, emotion that is impossible to put into words. A jazz moan articulates little but it can say a lot. To understand modern jazz requires some training and a good deal of concentration. If a listener just shares his own emotions with the music, he will only get a glimmer of the artist's meaning. At times he won't understand him at all. On the other hand, if the listener can follow the complex mechanics of good jazz and concentrate on the artist's improvised expression of immediate emotion, he will become aware of hidden meanings and unrealized beauty. A good jazz musician playing for an aware audience has a communication potential that rivals all other forms of artistic expression.

Bill Evans, a frail, owlish man, is a good jazz pianist. Much of his music is difficult because it is extremely lyrical, but Evans is one of the best at capturing the essence of an emotional theme. In his album, *Conversations with Myself,* he made use of an engineering trick and played first the background, then superimposed onto this his rendition of a melody, and then added to this combination a third, coloring track. In one of his originals on this album, *N.Y.C.'S No Lark,* he communicates his feelings of the big city. On the lower keys of his piano, he plays an almost regularly occuring, dirge-like block of notes. On top of this he adds a haunting-type melody; its theme is irregular and keeps rising and falling, but never reaches a peak or a nadir.

To try to put the conveyed emotion into words does an injustice to Evans. You can *feel* a lonely man carrying on an interior monologue,

perhaps occasionally humming, as he walks the streets of New York on a rainy night. You can feel the quiet rejection and unconcern of the city; you can feel the coldness of the wet pavement and water-stained concrete that engulfs the individual.

But the most important feeling found in the piece cannot be expressed in words. It's like a splash of red on a black background or the sensation caused by breathing in freezing air. It can be conveyed only by the high notes of a piano or by a modern painter.

Many people find Pop-Art completely ambiguous. I am not sure I understand it very well, but I think that it is speaking out against the baseness, materialism and chaos of our modern society. The artist doesn't say, "We are missing the finer things of life." Instead he unveils a picture of a Campbell soup can which makes (sometimes) a more vivid impression and implies what language has difficulty communicating.

A friend of mine became a regular customer of a small, German restaurant that prided itself on the quality of its food. Once he started a conversation with the owner about American taste in food. The owner said: "Americans don't know how to eat. They run around all day and between sprints they grab a quick hamburger." The giant hamburger, one of the classical examples of Pop-Art, began to make more sense. By having it enshrined in an art gallery, the artist has captured more irony than words can convey. It's as if the artist is saying "People, come and worship. See what you are working for. Give homage to your beef-and-bread god who led you through the wilds of your adolescent years and sustains you now in your hand-to-mouth existence."

The touch of perfect articulation is a delicate thing. Many artists who have lost the touch, have preferred suicide to living without it. Nothing is as pointless as being a beast who can only moan in pain or laugh when happy. If the artist can break the barrier of self-isolation, then the artist and listener become like two friends meeting in a strange city. At the moment of recognition, both of them realize that they are not so completely alone and that the city is not so terrible and cold.

My Cousin Unseen

C. A. COLOMBI, JR.

Editor's Note: C. A. Colombi, Jr., the Poetry Editor of the *Quarterly*, writes this poem in commemoration of a poet, and a cousin, he has never met.

Anna Maria Colombi, a native of Italy, died there ten years ago, at the age of twenty-seven. Recently, an anthology of her poetry, both published and unpublished, has gone into print posthumously in Italy. Mr. Colombi was inspired to write the following lines while in the process of translating his cousin's work from Italian into English.

"Sono una povera bimba sperduta."
The poetess, across the sea of tears,
Spake the silent sigh . . .

"I am a poor lost orphan."
And in the warmth
Of forty years ago,
That sunny place did yield up
Songs, and a singer of such;
Firm, as she was, and rooted
to warm-brown, Genovese-tanned humus,
I still see her song
—Hear her love—
A song,
A song of sighs
That tumbles tender
From frail
—Yet free—
Lips. . .

And in the beginning
Of her ending,
Her heart, her life
Bound in by body nearing brokenness
—The weaker it, the stronger she—
Proclaimed, in clarion
—Coughing, but clearly—
To the world
—A world no longer hers to hold—
Her listless, lost, near-lifeless state.

Now I, of callow new-world clime,
Approach her words in hollowness.

The mouldering ten-year shadow
Haunts
My deepest part,
My inner depth,
The very warmth that hurts in me.

It grows, it gains;
I hear the "lost."
Maria!
Anna Maria!
Oh! Please, "sperduta" *hurts me so . . .*
Sperduta . . .
I, too . . .
Sperduta . . .

Dawn

STEVEN J. LAUTERMILCH

Except for the flickering of a candle, velvet night hung like incense over the long rows of pews in the body of the Church of Our Lord of Gethsemane, and in the shadows playing from the flame on the left side altar only the sanctuary walls danced in flitting greys and blacks.

Suddenly the candle's tongue licked high. Then in piercing fear it shivered and fell, darting arrows of light at the relief above its fire until, in the taper's nimble flame, the kneeling bronze figure of Christ in Agony writhed in pain.

Face torn in grimace. Robe matted stiff with blood. Rock washed by sweat. But eyes, eyes splendid and glowing in transcendent vision.

The candle hung fire, the Christ suffered, and seconds plodded into a minute. Then two. The oak entrance to the church moaned, and the dark outline of a man slipped through a shaft of lighter grey. The door thudded shut, and the man flopped against the cold wall of the vestibule. The flame quivered, and the Christ winced in anguish. Fresh air was stirring the barren black.

Made it! The man's lips tightened to a jeer. What a laugh! Me, Luce Darkman, ditching Pic's mugs—in a church! Luce's head tilted back, and his guffaw bellowed through the void. Me, Luce Darkman—in a church!

Cleaning Massini's was candy. Emptied the joint like a fifth. But like I figured, Pic had a reception ready and so the race was on. Down Bay, across High. That's where I hopped the truck to duck up North. And now this place—a church!

Again Luce guffawed. Only other time I was in a church was—

A shudder racked Luce's husky frame. A tic broke across his right cheek. The twitch grew. The whole right side of Luce's face slashed in torture. Luce's right hand stole up his side till it reached a point just below and to the right of his face. Luce's hulk trembled, and then savagely the hand slapped out. The tic stopped, and Luce's chest heaved. I did it. I stopped it. I stopped the tic.

The tramp of feet broke the silence. Muscles taut, Luce froze. The pacing came from the left and now was beating past the front of the church. Luce stared into the hard black air. His heart throbbed, and his pulse surged in clenched fists. Then, when the tramping faded off to the right of the church, Luce collapsed against the door.

Missed me. Luce mopped the sweat from his face. The creeps always was stupid. Luce shifted his weight, and his lungs wheezed. No sense standing, and right now I'm beat. Luce slammed open the vestibule doors and shuffled toward the pews. Come dawn, I'll head out.

Luce eased into the wooden pew. Things are hot. Have been, ever since that upstate job three weeks back. Pic just don't like a doublecross.

Now tonight I even hit Massini's, the first joint Pic ever grabbed. All Pic's apes will be gunning for me now, and if—

Luce's teeth gleamed yellow. Pic's bums will never get Luce Darkman.

Luce's sneer broke. Maybe I ought to blow town. Especially after tonight. Massini's was Pic's biggest touch, and—

No! This is the same place!

Tic tearing at face, Luce hurtled from the pew and bolted for the church door. He crashed through the vestibule doors and rushed against the huge oak entrance. There, grappling with handle, he heard them. Pic's mob. Outside.

Luce whirled around. The tic cut his face. Trapped. Can't stay. Can't leave. Drops of sweat formed on his forehead. Then suddenly Luce almost laughed out loud. Why not stay? What am I scared of, a ghost?

The tic began to subside, and Luce stood tall. Pic's thugs are just doubling back to check down North. They'll never think of the church. The tic had disappeared now.

Luce trudged back to the pews. He plodded over to the left side of the church to sit down along the wall. The wood felt hard. From his pocket Luce yanked a pack of cigarettes, then withdrew one tenderly. Always handle fags that way: one of my marks. From Luce's other pocket glimmered a lighter. *Click*. Flame: like that.

The walls of the church leapt into kaleidoscopic horror. A thousand demons in a million fantastic forms shuddered in silent scream. As a surgeon sutures an incision, Luce pressed the lighter closed without a click. All the spectres vanished: it was night again.

Luce took a long drag on his cigarette. Got to take it easy. Got to get control. Then, for the second time that night, Luce saw it.

No! I've come back!

Luce stared terror. The right side of his face began to twitch; sweat began beading on his forehead. His eyes neither blinked nor moved. They only stared. Luce was being hypnotized.

Suddenly the tic snapped Luce's gaze. Stop it. Got to stop it. The cheek continued to twitch. Got to make it stop.

Luce lifted his right hand from the pew and the hand prowled up his side to a point just below his right cheek and he held his right hand there and the hand couched silent. Got to stop it. Luce's hand shook. Why won't it stop? Why won't it ever stop?

Suddenly the hand struck. Cheek stinging, the tic ceased. Luce's right hand stole back to its place. Ever since that night. That damned night. Luce shuddered. Now I've returned.

Luce felt it drawing his gaze. I won't look. Luce's head began to

tremble. I won't look at it. Sweat beaded on his forehead. I won't look

Suddenly Luce's head snapped erect, and his eyes fastened on the thin white taper. The candle had conquered.

Luce watched.

As if alive, the flame danced up and down. It darted and leapt until, like a slender being of infinite form, it contorted its spearhead of light into a thousand varying shapes.

Luce gazed.

In rhythmic flow and perfect time, the fire swayed back and forth. Twining in endless circles and arcs, it curled and wheeled upon itself in unrelenting chase.

Luce stared.

Flying for the heights, the flame shot up and licked out, only to sink and sumber and spring again on an eddy of air. Spellbinding, it flickered out, drew back in, and then soared high: a sheen-thin needle that pierced into black. There, for a moment of splendid flame, the blade of fire burned gold. Suddenly it snapped. Luce stared blank. The candle had conquered.

The skin around Luce's eyes and mouth began to loosen, and the muscles of his back relaxed. The pew on which he was sitting grew soft, and Luce felt his body slowly sinking into it. His legs had become unfeeling extensions, and his feet no longer rested on the floor but existed apart from all other reality.

Time ceased, and all past and future faded to a foggy present where only the candle remained distinct, only the candle and its glowing circle of light.

Listen, Darkman, I'm sick of that wino. Sick of the crummy wine-sopping drunk. And I ain't taking no more. Understand?

But I'm warning you, don't even breathe on him. Just tag him. And in a week I want his life history in the palm of your paw.

Now beat it. You make me puke.

You turned and sauntered out the door of Pic's office. Carefully, not to make a sound and disturb Pic, you shut the office door softly behind you. You felt like slamming it hard enough to make Pic's grimy false teeth rattle in his fat stinking mouth.

Jeannie was at her desk, you made a wisecrack, and she smiled her special smile. What a doll. You never could figure what Jeannie was doing with a slob like Pic. It just didn't make sense, unless he had her number. Like he had yours.

You grinned so-long to Jeannie and trudged down four flights of creaking stairs. Pic only ran the elevator when he needed it, the pig.

As you stumbled into the daylight, the sun burned hot in your face. The stink of Water and Oil Streets turned your stomach. This dive wasn't losing Pic any dough, the buddy. Nobody else would even go near the shambles. You trampled down Oil Street. Just so Pic kept the green bills coming, and just so Pic didn't start trying to push you around. Sick inside, you laughed at yourself. You had a lot to say about it. A whole lot.

At the end of Oil, you turned left and started plodding up North Street toward the section where Tam shacked up.

The candle shone in steady flame. Luce's eyes moved neither right nor left, and without sight Luce gazed at a taper burning gold in a sanctuary of black.

Tam. A crummy, wine-sopping drunk. Two days and nights of nothing but drink and stupor dragged by before you found him, and throughout that drink and stupor Pic's words burned in your head. A crummy, wine-sopping drunk. Then, sprawled out drunk on the asphalt back of Reno's you saw Tam.

His head was bare in the night, and shocks of yellowing hair had fallen across his forehead. A grimy stubble hid his face, and the threadworn coat and pants that draped his hunched frame were more two patterns of dirt and patches than pieces of used clothing. Yet when you saw his eyes, all else faded except those pools of blue. Tam's eyes glowed the promise of a summer sky when the sun shone warm and hard and good on your back and you felt growing and green in its strength. Tam's eyes were the eyes of love.

And you lay there in the dirt and you looked up at Tam standing there and not speaking and you told Tam to make himself scarce but Tam only stood there silent, and so you lurched to your feet and slugged him full in the mouth and felt the skin around your knuckles rip and bleed and saw Tam's lips and teeth burst into blood, and you suddenly turned filthy and sick inside as you lost your balance and hurtled to the blacktop and Tam leaned over to help you up and pressed a crumpled dollar in your hand and stumbled off with the blood still streaming from his mangled mouth.

Unseeing, Luce continued to stare at the burning taper of wax; and as the candle continued to pour forth its radiance upon the Head of the bronze relief, the blood of the sculpture flowed liquid fire.

Darkman, you make me sick. A whole week, and all you do is go on a binge and then tell me he's harmless. Darkman, what do you take me for? I know he's old. I know he limps. I know he's a wino. Darkman, you're so dumb you actually make me sick. What do you think he's doing when he tells them dagos not to pay their bit? What do you think he does when he tells them stinking wops I can't collect no ten percent? Darkman, you make me puke.

You just slouched there and did not speak. Pic thrust his steaming bulk closer, and you shuddered at the stench from the sweaty, liquor-stained shirt almost bursting over his paunch.

Listen, Darkman, we're going to give them dagos an example. A real good example. So listen, Darkman, and listen good.

You watched Pic pause. You already knew what he was going to say and you felt your head whirl with pain and tears and hate. Then Pic spoke, and with each word he jabbed your shoulder with his stinking paw.

I want that wino dead.

Pic stopped again, and you saw Tam rolling in a gutter with a tiny hole in his temple pulsing blood.

Now scram, Darkman. And don't mess this one up.

You staggered out. Brain spinning, you stumbled down the steps to the street and the slums. You could warn Tam. Your eyes burned, and your lungs ached. Warning wouldn't help. Even when you—

Your head reeled, and you staggered forward to catch your balance. Even last week, when you threatened to kill Irish, it didn't help.

Irish. A strapping red-brown setter, handsome and strong and proud as the sky's white clouds soaring fair above the fields he reigned. Tam loved that dog, and even last week, when you did kill Irish, it didn't help.

You warned Tam that Pic had sent you to follow him; you warned Tam that Pic wanted him quiet; you warned Tam that Pic would make him change or see him dead. Tam wouldn't listen. You threatened to kill Irish. Tam still wouldn't listen.

So you mixed the shattered glass with fresh red hamburger and put the bait outside Tam's shack and you saw Irish wolf the mixture down without even feeling the pieces of jagged glass and then bound off for his master. Three days later you saw Irish stretched motionless in front of Tam's hut. The coat that once glistened a red-brown sheen now showed a dirty lack-lustre matted with burrs. Tam was bending over the setter's wasted frame. Irish was dead.

There behind the bushes you crouched and watched the man and the dog and saw you had only hurt a man and killed a dog and done nothing else, and then you could not look any longer and you stumbled off and knew you were wrong.

In the womb of the Church of Our Lord of Gethsemane, the candle continued to flame below the bronze relief of Christ in Agony, and in the last pew along the left wall Luce continued to sit and stare at the light and its glow.

I want that wino dead.

Pic. The slob. The fat filthy slob. Your fingernails cut into the palms of your fists, and you tramped down the brick walk running along North Street. Tam's shack was only blocks away, and to get out of the day and the sun you plodded into a side alley. A crummy wine-sopping drunk. Pic's words kept coming back to you, and you hated Pic and hated yourself and wished you had the guts to kill yourself.

Where you stumbled that afternoon you did not know, and soon

evening darkened into night into day into night into drink into total black. Then, reeling out of a bar into the cutting wind and rain and night, you suddenly froze sober. Even though the man was limping down the alley away from you, you knew his face. It was Tam.

You did not move. As Tam stumbled through the storm, you saw a tiny white arm reach out from beneath a packing crate at the side of the alley and touch Tam's leg and you saw Tam pause and whisper something and then remove his tattered coat and give it to the child.

You whirled and fled.

The candle's flame was bursting in a halo of gold; and as Luce stared blind at the taper and the bronze relief shining splendid in the dark of the Church of Our Lord of Gethsemane, the Eyes of the Countenance gazed upon the encircling gloom with deepest love.

Your brain spun; your body ached. Each second throbbed with your pounding heart, and the very air you breathed burned in your throat. Up alleys and down streets you trudged and raced and staggered until you collapsed across the same bar you just had left.

I want that wino dead.

Cigarette smoked cigarette, drink downed drink, till suddenly yet gradually the bar you leaned against gave way to a milky white fog that provided neither resistance nor support, and your feet were tramping after Tam down a rain-drenched street and your right hand clenched a cold steel blade in a fist of fear-white knuckles.

Your eyes watched Tam mount the stone steps of a church and enter the building through its huge oak door, and your feet plodded after him. As your ears heard the main door thud shut behind you, your eyes caught the glow of a small white candle far ahead to the left.

Your knees buckled and your body lurched forward, slamming *through* the doors of the vestibule and flinging your ribs against a pew on the right of the main aisle. You saw Tam.

He was kneeling over the railing between the pews and the small sanctuary in front of the left side altar. His back was hunched, and his face was cradled in his hands. In the gleam of the candle his hair shone yellow, and an aura of glowing light bathed his head in warmth.

Your left hand slipped on the pew that propped your weight, and your body hurtled to the left. Your shoes slapped on the tile, and your legs tramped across the back of the church and down the left aisle toward Tam.

Above Tam's head blazed a single taper of wax; and as your body jerked forward, your eyes were drawn to the brilliant arrow of flame. Halfway down the left aisle your feet slid on the tile, and your frame collapsed. Your head struck a wooden armrest; and blood, wet and warm, trickled down your forehead.

Your right hand shoved against the floor and the knife it held clattered from your grasp. In haste you snatched at it, and the blade slashed your fingers. In spite of the pain your bleeding fingers clutched the knife,

and again your body staggered forward. The candle seized your eyes and you saw only the twin blue pools of an aged but fearless man who knelt in a circle of light for a priceless gift from a stranger, and suddenly your right arm flew up and back and down and your right hand felt the blade plunge into warm and yielding flesh and there, for an unending second, fulfillment flowed sure in your soul.

Then suddenly Tam was dead and you saw the Christ and all the walls converged and reeled in a vortex of timeless black.

And suddenly in that same vast black where that same candle burned, Luce Darkman saw the sheer taper snap in a flash of yellow-white flame and, reeling under an onrush of bursting memories, Luce Darkman both saw and felt his body rise from the pew where it had been sitting spellbound, *and Luce was stalking down an aisle toward an image of Tam was praying before a candle was shining upon an image of Christ was suffering and Luce was plunging a knife into an image of Tam was sacrificing his life before a candle was pouring its light toward an image of Christ was transfigured;* and there beneath the candle and the Christ in the Church of Our Lord of Gethsemane, Luce Darkman collapsed over an empty railing in an aura of flaming sacrilege and prayer.

Black faded into grey; and as twilight stretched a finger of dusk across the wooden pews, the candle's radiance dimmed. From the morning outside a shout rang out.

"Darkman, you punk! We're waiting!"

Pic's thugs. Outside.

Luce raised his hulk from the floor of the church. His eyes caught the Christ. Then Luce turned and paced up the aisle to the door and the street. There was no tic on his face.

The massive oak door moaned twice, one shot broke the air, and a body thudded against the stone steps. Inside the Church of Our Lord of Gethsemane, the candle held its height, and the Christ shone brilliant in the bursting dawn of day.

For Georges Roualt

E. C.

I

After birth-passage and the final changing
of every leaf, nothing is desired,
nothing is kept.

II

I saw an ancient humanity,
restless, copper scales glistening
as a dying fish,
and your characteristic dignity,
a true curio.
I did not find you exhausted—
your particular possession,
this intense sense of privacy,
is a talisman, a cryptic work of
jade. It is beauty, it is Lawrence's still
breasts of ivory . . .

III

It is established that
talk has a pure vital fire:
to make the clocks
scarcely have motion, to
replace civilization with
suavity, to supplant intensity
with revolution—
a story of imperturbable errors.
we are, you see, less human
than you.
to recite a series of epigrams
is to warm our hands distantly
at knowledge.

IV

It was worth five hundred years of civilization
for you to die:

it is better to die only once
than suffer to uncover
before the millstone
which comes to abrade the chaff
with the seed,
leaving only a thin trail
of tears.

Long Day's Journey Into Night: A Review

EDWARD KELLY

Of the few major playwrights in the twentieth century Eugene O'Neill occupies the unique position of being America's first dramatist of stature.

O'Neill's first attempts at drama appeared in print in 1950 as *Lost Plays of Eugene O'Neill* (Citadel Press). The playwright indicated that he did not want these five plays published because he felt that they were unworthy of publication. Indeed, he was right. In addition the editor, Lawrence Gellert, in a self-congratulatory introduction completely misinterprets O'Neill and fails to see these plays in the context of the poet's other works.

Contrary to what Mr. Gellert seems to think, maturity and thematic development become apparent in a slightly later group of works including the famous sea plays, *The Moon of the Caribbees, Bound East for Cardiff, The Long Voyage Home,* and *In the Zone.* It is in these plays that O'Neill's tragic tension and determinism, although badly managed, first appear. Although O'Neill does not often repeat a dramatic pattern, there are hints in these early plays of what was to follow. In *The Moon of the Caribbees* one sailor calls another, "A 'airy ape," and in *The Rope* there is some anticipation of *Desire Under the Elms.* Most important, however, is the use of the fog which was to become such an important symbol in *Long Day's Journey into Night.*

As O'Neill's career progressed into the early nineteen-twenties he wrote primarily realistic action and dialogue which was prevelant at that time, but was a far cry from the fourth-wall convention of that time. The full weight of the Ibsen realistic influence in this area was to become apparent as O'Neill moved into the field of symbolism. Expression also made a mark on O'Neill's work as in *The Emperor Jones* and *The Hairy Ape.*

Time passed, O'Neill wrote *Strange Interlude, Lazarus Laughed, Mourning Becomes Electra, The Iceman Cometh,* and then on November 7, 1956, *Long Day's Journey into Night,* his greatest dramatic achievement, opened in New York.

O'Neill had left instructions that the play was not to be published or produced until twenty-five years after his death. However, after three years Carlotta Monterey O'Neill, his widow, released the rights. *Long Day's Journey into Night* is one of the most powerful realistic dramas of the last hundred years. This is of special significance when one realizes the difficulty with which autobiographical technique lends itself to the

stage. The problems of transposing one's personal experiences into objective form mean that experience must be delivered in some way so as to make it intelligible to the audience. Finding words which embody experience yet do not sound contrived, unifying the casual lines of our reasoning and tightening time sequences while pacing the action, seem to be insurmountable tasks. It is in an appreciation of these problems that one begins to realize just how great a triumph this play really is.

As already stated there is much of Ibsen's dramatic technique to be found in O'Neill, yet in *Long Day's Journey into Night* O'Neill overcomes Ibsen's symbolical overemphasis and blends realism and symbolism in pleasing harmony.

In *Long Day's Journey into Night* the most outstanding symbol is the fog — man's inability to understand other men, or more importantly, to understand himself and his own destiny. Act I takes place in early morning with the sun shining brightly. In Act II a faint haziness begins to gather, softening the glare of the sun. Act III begins around six in the evening and the fog becomes so thick that it is like a white curtain drawn down outside the windows. Thus as Mary moves more deeply into narcotic stupor the fog becomes thicker and impenetrable. Occasionally through the fog comes the sound of a fog horn and ship's bells — the the reality of the outside world imposing itself. Mary is now deep in stupor. O'Neill writes in his stage directions,

> Then from the world outside comes the melancholy moan of the fog-horn, followed by a chorus of bells, muffled by the fog, from the anchored craft in the harbor. Mary's face gives no sign she has heard, but her hands jerk and the fingers automatically play for a moment on the air. She frowns and shakes her head mechanically as if a fly had walked across her mind.

Of the other symbols in *Long Day's Journey into Night* the most important is the set design itself. The curtain rises on the "living room of James Tyrone's summer house on a morning in August of 1912. At rear are two double doorways with portiers. The one at the right leads into a front parlor with the formally arranged set appearance of a room rarely occupied. The other opens on a dark, windowless back parlor, never used except as a passageway from living room to dining room." The action takes place in the cheaply furnished living-room between these two areas. The family lives in the no-man's-land between the bright exterior of the front parlor and the ominous foreboding of the dark room at the rear. The second floor serves an interesting purpose also. It is from the bedroom upstairs that Mary emerges in her narcotic stupor and seems to spread her insidious disease into the relatively healthy atmosphere of the living room.

With regard to the play itself, *Long Day's Journey into Night* is Eugene O'Neill's own story and the characters have been torn from the depths of his consciousness. O'Neill forced himself to examine these people from their point of view as well as his own, and the result has been dynamic characterization and brilliant drama.

Mary (his mother's name was actually Ella Quinlan O'Neill) tells her son Edmund (Eugene O'Neill),

> . . . . I really love fog . . . it hides you from the world and the world from you . . . It's the foghorn that I hate. It won't let you alone. It keeps reminding and warning you and calling you back.

As we learn in the play Mary began taking dope by quirk of fate. While her husband (Tyrone, Edmund's father) was touring the country, playing the lead in *The Count of Monte Cristo,* Mary who was with him, bore Edmund in a dirty hotel room. The delivery was bad, and she had a great deal of pain. Tyrone, being something of a tightwad, got a doctor to look at Mary for practically nothing. This cheap quack gave her morphine for the pain and as Mary says later,

> I hate doctors! . . . They'll sell their souls! What's worse, they'll sell yours, and you never know it till one day you find yourself in hell!

When she is aware of her family about her, Mary is a kind and good woman, but as the play advances she becomes bitter and at one point blames Edmund for her condition saying that the doctors told her that she must have no problems to upset her, and that worry over Edmund's tubercular condition drove her back to addiction. She lashes out at Tyrone for never giving her anything solid to stand on. We get a glimpse of O'Neill determinism as Mary attempts to forgive herself and the others,

> None of us can help the things life has done to us. They're done before you realize it, and once they're done they make you do other things until at last everything comes between you and what you'd like to be, and you've lost your true self forever.

But none of this would have happened if Tyrone hadn't been a miser. As we learn in the play, he had to support his mother and sisters at an early age and lived in constant fear of eviction and starvation. And so, even in the present when he is secure because of the fortune he amassed as a result of his success in *The Count of Monte Cristo,* he is unable to control his fear of the poor house.

> **Tyrone**
>
> I told you to turn out that light! We're not giving a ball. There's no reason to have the house ablaze with electricity at this time of night, burning up money.
>
> **Edmund**
>
> Ablaze with electricity! One bulb! Hell everyone keeps a light on in the front hall until they go to bed.

Denied wealth when he was young, Tyrone has sacrificed his wife and children and his own talents to acquire it now when he is older. Obsessively, he invests his money in land, to the deprivation of his family.

Tyrone

. . . at from thirty-five to forty thousand net profit a season! A fortune in those days—or even in these. What the hell was it I wanted to buy, I wonder, that was worth—Well, no matter. It's a late day for regrets.

Tyrone's stubborn defense of his Catholic heritage even when he isn't a practicing Catholic reaches the pinnacle of dramatic irony.

Edmund

. . . What you want to believe, that's the only truth! Shakespeare was an Irish Catholic, for example.

Tyrone

So he was. The proof is in his plays.

Edmund

Well he wasn't and there's no proof of it in his plays, except to you! The Duke of Wellington, there was another good Irish Catholic!

Tyrone

I never said he was a good one. He was a renegade but a Catholic just the same.

Edmund

Well, he wasn't. You just want to believe no one but an Irish Catholic could beat Napoleon.

Tyrone sold his soul for the illusion of success, but he was sensitive enough to realize that his real self had been lost in the process. The story evolves with all the inevitability of *Oedipus*. Mary, the gentle girl raised in a convent, marries Tyrone, a coarse Irishman, a cynic, hardened in the ways of life. O'Neill would say that putting Mary and Tyrone together under these circumstances could produce no other effect than just what transpires in the play.

What of the sons, Edmund and Jamie? Edmund is ill with tuberculosis — worry over which is the excuse Mary tries to use for her return to addiction. Edmund learns with disgust that to economize his father plans to send him to a state sanitorium. It is interesting to compare Edmund's wanderings and drunkenness to his mother's addiction, as they both try to escape what life has made them. Edmund is caught, much like Eben in *Desire Under the Elms,* between love for his mother, whom he feels has been mistreated by his father, and respect for his father's strength.

Jamie, Edmund's older brother, gives us a picture of himself when he says,

> Mama and Papa are right. I've been a rotten bad influence . . . Did it on purpose to make a bum of you. Or part of me did. A big part. That part that's been dead so long. That hates life. My putting you wise so you'd learn from my mistakes. Believed that myself at times, but it's a fake . . . Never wanted you to succeed and make me look even worse by comparison. Wanted you to fail. Always jealous of you. Mama's boy, Papa's pet . . . And it was your being born that started Mama on dope.

I know that's not your fault, but all the same, God damn you, I can't help hating your guts! But don't get the wrong idea, Kid. I love you more than I hate you . . .

Here again in Jamie is the internal dichotomy of personality. This dichotomy is present in Mary also. She wants to overcome her addiction yet because of her lack of strength and the fact that circumstances do not motivate her to do so, she fails. Tyrone too faced the same internal dichotomy when he had to choose between the financial success of *The Count of Monte Cristo* and preserving his artistic talent.

These are the four tragic O'Neills in *Long Day's Journey into Night.* They must be considered tragic as opposed to melodramatic because each protagonist, and there are four, is partly responsible for his own destruction and is partly the victim of family fate. Melodrama assumes that man is totally responsible for his actions, whereas in tragedy the opposite is true. The tragic hero is a victim of forces beyond his control.

We find O'Neill trying to probe the meaning of all this suffering — the father who knows he could have been a great actor if he hadn't prostituted his talent; the mother, who can find solace only in drugs; the older brother, who protests through his blasphemy and drunkenness; O'Neill himself, the hypersensitive, tubercular young man who can not channel his emotions.

Somewhere in this agony we find the meaningfulness of O'Neill's whole life. When the father confesses guilt over his acting career, this elicits from O'Neill what his youthful escapades at sea have meant to him — a truly soulful look for God, a dream of beatitude.

Edmund

. . . And several other times in my life, when I was swimming far out, or lying alone on a beach, I have had the same experience. Became the sun, the hot sand, green seaweed anchored to a rock, swaying in the tide. Like a saint's vision of beatitude. Like the veil of things as they seem drawn back by an unseen hand. For a second there is meaning! Then the hand lets the veil fall and you are alone, lost in the fog again, and you stumble on toward nowhere, for no good reason!

Tyrone

Yes there's the makings of a poet in you all right.

Edmund

The makings of a poet . . . I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now. I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do . . . Well it will be faithful realism at least.

If *Long Day's Journey into Night* is stammering, it is the most eloquent and significant stammer to emerge from the American theatre.

O Ye of Little Faith

RONALD E. TIMPANARO

Viet Cong, the market rose
Dallas, Texas, on its nose
Hours later, like a rose
It smells.

Bobby Baker has three dates
So ITT is down three-eighths
And Frozen Food degenerates
It's rotten.

Modern man is one-up smart
It has an IBM-type heart
Its brain is its essential part
It thinks.

Ronald E. Timpanaro, a senior majoring in English, hails from Lyndhurst, New Jersey.

Songs Beside the Night Wind

E. C.

I

long after sun
we whispered like
the pebbled water
strings along a log
all brown and veined
with spring
until the moon
alone
came chaperoning
saw our love
and fell between
the trees

II

the wistful dew
with near
and tell me, love,
that who about the
evening
long, my love,
have hushed the sparrows
sleepful like the day
that they have left
their time
for ours to vigil

III

if you will watch
tonight together
with me I
will give you all
I have
a yellow flower
first that came
before the snows
were even
quiet

Mozart and His Operas

CARL F. GILLOMBARDO, JR.

"My dear Baron von Grimm, how good it is to see you!"

"Otto, my friend, what brings you to Paris? We must sit and talk over a glass of wine, for I have seen neither you nor our beloved *Deutschland* these many years."

"Come, come, Baron. Our conversation need not wait for chairs. Give me the latest news here in Paris while we stroll to the Cafe Chaillot."

"Ha, *mein Freund,* I speak not of news but of miracles!"

"How is this?"

"True miracles are rare, but how wonderful it is when we have the opportunity to see one. A Salzburg Kapellmeister by the name of Leopold Mozart has just come to Paris with two of the prettiest children in the world. His daughter, aged eleven, plays piano in the most brilliant fashion, performs the longest and most difficult pieces with astounding precision. Her brother, who will be seven next February, is such an extraordinary phenomenon that you can hardly believe what you see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears."

"Your enthusiasm is refreshing, Baron. But this is 1763; modern times admit of no miracles."

"Call it what you wish, Otto. What words does one use to describe a seven-year-old boy who plays the hardest pieces with perfect accuracy, although his hands are scarcely big enough to take a sixth? You watch him, incredulous, while he improvises for the space of an hour, yielding himself to the inspiration of his genius and a wealth of delightful ideas; what is more, he orders these ideas, playing them in tasteful succession without confusion. The most consummate Kapellmeister cannot possibly have so deep a knowledge of harmony and modulation as this child, and he knows how to do unusual things that are nevertheless always right."

"Are such things possible?"

"He is so dexterous on the keyboard that you can cover the keys with a napkin and he will go on playing on the napkin with the same velocity and accuracy."

"Indeed!"

"It is nothing for him to decipher whatever you put before him; he writes and composes with marvelous ease, does not find it necessary to go to the piano and look for his chords. I wrote out a minuet for him by hand and asked him to put a bass to it. The child seized the pen and without going to the piano he wrote the bass to my minuet. You can well imagine that without the slightest effort he can transpose and

play any aria set before him in whatever key is requested."

"Pardon my interruption, Baron, but we have just walked past the Cafe."

"A thousand apologies, Otto! You may blame young Mozart for my absent-mindedness."

A man seated at one of the tables whirled around in his chair. "Do you speak of Wolfgang Mozart?" he blurted.

The Baron replied jovially, "Lately I have spoken of little else. But allow me to introduce myself. I am Baron von Grimm, and this is my friend Otto Klemp who has just arrived from Vienna."

"Gentlemen, I am honored. My name is Francois Quesnay, a physician by profession, an economist by avocation, and a music lover by nature. And who speaks of music these days without dwelling upon the child-genius Mozart? Only last week I attended a reception at which a lady asked the child, if, without looking at it, he could accompany an Italian Kavatine that she knew by heart. She began to sing. The child tried a bass that was not entirely correct, for it is impossible to accompany with complete accuracy a song one does not know. But as soon as the song was ended he begged the lady to start over again from the beginning, and now he played not only the whole vocal part with his right hand but simultaneously added the bass with his left, showing not the slightest hesitation. Then he requested her ten times to begin again and at each repetition he changed the character of his accompaniment. He would have had her repeat it twenty times if they had not begged him to stop. I absolutely predict that this child will turn my head if I listen to him much more."

"He makes it clear to me how hard it is to keep yourself from madness when you see miracles," added the Baron. "I am no longer astonished that St. Paul lost his wits after his wondrous vision."

"Gentlemen," interrupted Otto, "Let me order us some wine, unless you are already drunk with admiration."

And so the talk went on in Paris, and in Munich, and in Mannheim, and in every part of Europe that Wolfgang Mozart, age seven, visited on his tour in 1763. Even the Emperor and Empress of Austria met him with kindness. But such a triumphal beginning was to introduce Mozart to a short, impoverished adulthood, because the easy successes of a musical prodigy flow largely from a child's charm and the spectacular way in which a child captures his audience's heart. As an *adult* genius Mozart often met with indifference and little in the way of tangible rewards for his brilliant compositions. Moreover, Mozart's precocious artistry educated him as a musician but failed to prepare him as a man. Yet we must pass over his interesting life and revealing letters in order to arrive at our proper subject: his operas.

If I were pressed for a definition of opera I would have to say that it is a dramatic work in which the words, instead of being spoken in verse or prose, are wholly or partly sung to an instrumental accompaniment almost invariably assigned to an orchestra of variable size. This

tells us *what* opera is, but it leaves unanswered the question of *why* opera is: what makes it popular even today? No opera keeps its audience tottering on the edge of their seats in suspense, because the plots are exceedingly well-worn. Nor does opera shock the audience with hard-hitting realism. In fact, the essential unreality of opera is apparent to everyone.

People do not normally express their passions in a song or enact their quarrels to the accompaniment of a carefully synchronized orchestra. But neither do the most heroic of men habitually speak in verse, nor is the brilliant and pointed dialogue of the prose drama often to be met with off the stage. To go to the theatre at all is to take for granted certain conventions of expression — certain condensations in action and speech which may heighten our imaginative understanding of those human situations which constitute the drama; but once a clear imaginative understanding of this conflict is conveyed to us — through no matter what medium — drama is achieved. The great moments of drama, the moments toward which the whole action tends, are moments of emotion. Thus, music, with its unparalleled emotional intensity, is a possible medium of dramatic expression. To the lover of music, and to the lover of poetry, therefore, opera holds a double appeal because opera is a blend of both music and dramatic poetry.

How is it, then if opera is so exalted, that all of us have harbored a cynical and somewhat humorous concept of opera? How is it that Voltaire has remarked, "If a thing is too silly to say, people sing it"? Or Saint-Evremonde has said, "If you wish to know what an opera is, I answer that it is a strange production of poetry and music, where the poet and the musician, each bored by the other, take the utmost possible trouble to produce a worthless performance. A piece of nonsense packed with music, dances, machines, and decorations is magnificent nonsense, but nonsense all the same."

Perhaps I can best explain this seeming paradox by outlining the developments in opera just prior to Mozart's appearance on the scene. The great popularity of opera is a striking indication of the trend of musical thought at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The brilliancy of its performance that had as yet been known, and the rewards won by its composers and singers were the envy of all other musicians. But the high cultural ideal which had prompted the invention of "drama through music" had created a paying public upon which opera depended for support. The classical ideal was supplanted by financial expediency, and the concomitant system of patronage gave to the opinion of a few social leaders a force which was quite out of proportion to the soundness of their ideas. Opera became a spectacle whose absurdity can hardly be matched in the annals of art.

Little can be discerned, in all the foregoing, of any direct or purposeful aim in opera; only a fresh and ingenious attempt to combine music and drama could save the degraded opera. Genius, and not theory, was needed for the crystalization of changing ideals; and that genius, in this period, is to be found chiefly in the work of Wolfgang Mozart. It

was his supreme musical instinct that contributed to the solution of the problem to opera.

What was his solution? Concerning the problem of combining poetry and music, Mozart wrote his father, Leopold, "In opera, poetry must be the obedient daughter of music. Why do Italian operas please everywhere, even in Paris, as I have been a witness, despite the wretchedness of their librettos? Because in them music rules and compels us to forget everything else." Nevertheless, Mozart's dramatic music is as far as possible from being intended merely to please. Although Mozart was generous in providing opportunities for his singers to shine, he was extremely intent on making his music directly and often literally expressive. For example, regarding his early opera *Die Entfuhrung,* Mozart writes, "You know how I have given expression to Belmont's aria — there is a suggestion of the beating heart, the violins in octaves. One can see the reeling and trembling; one can see the heaving breast which is illustrated by a crescendo; one hears the lisping and sighs expressed by the muted violins."

It is evident from this that Mozart was far from intending the "pure" music alone which many later commentators say he strove for. But thus far I have mentioned only poetry and music; however, there are other elements in opera that must be carefully blended to produce a true work of art. Sir Donald Tovey attempts to answer the question of the relative importance of the various elements found in opera:

> Here we may profitably consider what are the qualities necessary for success in opera. It is notorious that the absolute value of the music comes last, if it is a factor of success at all. Unquestionably, it is a factor in immortality; and the music of *Idomeneo* is immortal, though that opera is revived only in Mozart festivals. But operas cannot wait for immortality, and can manage on quite flimsy music to achieve as much immortality as musical history has given time for. It might be thought that success depends on dramatic power; and this is nearer the truth. But dramatic power comes only third in the conditions, and coherence is not necessary at all. Two qualities take precedence over dramatic power as conditions for success in opera; one is the theatrical sense, and the other, the histrionic sense. They are inseparable but not identical. The theatrical sense can thrill the listener before the curtain rises, as in the modulation to F major at the end of the overture to *Don Giovanni;* the histrionic sense can save the stage manager trouble of telling the actors what to do with their hands . . .

Tovey's statement illustrates the complexity involved in opera. And yet, even in childhood, the young genius called Mozart turned out magnificent operas.

Mozart's first opera, *La finta semplice,* was written in 1767. The eleven-year-old prodigy had written it for Emperor Joseph II, and it was acknowledged by the company that played it to be an "incomparable work."

At the age of fourteen, Mozart produced a new opera called *Mitridate;* the piece had a run of twenty nights, a record for those times, and

settled all doubt as to the ability of a fourteen-year-old German child to write an Italian opera and to control the orchestra of La Scala.

At the age of sixteen, Mozart composed another opera, *Lucio Silla,* which had even greater success than *Mitridate.* In the next nine years, Mozart composed three lesser operas; one of them, *La finta giardiniera* was absurdly complicated but foreshadowed *Figaro.*

In 1781 Mozart produced *Idomeneo.* This impressive opera reveals Mozart's full powers of orchestration, vocal and choral style, and a nobly pathetic melody. In these respects, it is the finest opera that had ever been placed upon the stage.

It is difficult to realize the accomplishment thus far enjoyed by a young man of twenty-five. True drama, dealing with the enigma of human experience, is seldom produced by infant prodigies. Long accustomed to the easy triumphs of a prodigy, Mozart in 1781, faced the crisis of entering upon a man's career. He had little experience upon which to estimate the odds against him. Furthermore, Vienna, in his day, was perhaps the most unfortunate spot he could have chosen in which to work out — independently of patronage — the career of a professional musician. The great figures of the day, men like Salieri and Clementi, tended to overshadow him. He had already justified his own unbounded confidence in his musical powers, but he had no idea that these powers alone could not give him success. It is to his bitter realization of this fact that we owe the new intensity of his music. The same sense of form and organization found in those later symphonies, for example, is the resource for the still more brilliant organization of the later operas.

In 1786, the thirty-year-old Mozart produced *The Marriage of Figaro.* Michael Kelly, an Irish tenor who played the first Basilio in Vienna on *Figaro's* premier, describes Mozart as he was in 1786:

> He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality. He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copius draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave Sunday concerts, which I always attended. He was kindhearted, and always ready to oblige, but so very particular when he played that, if the slightest noise were made, he instantly left off. He one day made me sit down to the piano, and gave credit to my first master, who had taught me to place my hand well on the instrument . . . He conferred on me what I considered a high compliment. I had composed a little melody to a Metastiaso which was a great favourite wherever I sang it. It was very simple, but had the good fortune to please Mozart. He took it and composed variations upon it which were truly beautiful; and had the further kindness and condescension to play them whenever he had an opportunity.

If Michael Kelly knew Mozart so intimately, he must also have known Lorenzo Da Ponte, the talented Italian librettist who worked with

Mozart on *The Marriage of Figaro* and so many other Mozartian operas.

The historical significance of *Figaro* is that, thanks to Da Ponte's skill and Mozart's genius, it transcended the *opera buffa* and became a comedy in music. Fate also ordained that at the nadir of Mozart's fortunes, a complication of intrigue placed the librettist Da Ponte in relation with him. They agreed to collaborate on the subject of Beaumarchais's comedy, *The Marriage of Figaro,* which had been forbidden performance because of its low moral tone. Da Ponte, who usually basked in the Emperor's good graces, induced the monarch to modify his judgment, and the opera, composed in only six weeks, was produced on May 1, 1786. Its success with the public was overwhelming, and even today it is Mozart's most popular opera. Without the opera's losing a bit of vitality, *Figaro's* characters are carefully delineated. Even though their speech is in simple melody, some subtle quality reflects not merely the general emotion involved at the moment, but also reveals a definite personality. Even in the finales, character is not forgotten.

At the age of thirty-one, Mozart finished *Don Giovanni,* with the libretto again from Da Ponte. We can appreciate Mozart's boldness in deciding to set the story of Don Juan to music when we realize that eighteenth-century critics abhorred it. One critic remarked, "I have always regarded it, in Italy, with horror, and I have never been able to understand how this farce could hold its own for such a long time, could draw crowds, and could be the delight of a cultivated nation." But Mozart and Da Ponte transformed that stereotyped theme into an operatic masterpiece.

Two years later, in 1789, Mozart and Da Ponte composed *Cosi fan tutte* (translated, "Everybody's doin' it"). Because of the absurdity of the plot, the opera is said to lack vividness in action and characterization, but Mozart's music is brilliant.

It was in March, 1781, that Mozart received the commission to compose what was to be his last and most imaginative opera. Schickaneder, the librettist, ranks with Da Ponte as one of the most remarkable men with whom Mozart came in contact. The wealthy Schickaneder lodged Mozart near the theater on an old estate and set him to work on writing music for the most curious pantomime ever offered to a great composer. Here in the garden Mozart spent his last happy days, perhaps the happiest of his life.

Mozart's work on his last opera, *Die Zauberflote* or *The Magic Flute,* was interrupted by a command from the Emperor to write a serious opera for the coronation festivities in Prague. At the exact moment of Mozart's departure for Prague in September, Mozart was asked by a mysterious stranger, "dressed from head to foot in grey," to compose for an unnamed patron, a Requiem Mass. The stranger's manner and costume gave him an air of other-worldliness; and this visitor took on such a supernatural aspect in Mozart's eyes that the composer became convinced that his visitant was none other than the messenger of Death.

Mozart was now very despondent. He felt that life had failed him and that he would never enjoy the rewards due to his genius. And by

how little he missed his enjoyment! *The Magic Flute* was enormously successful and, at one stroke, established the future of German opera. A group of Hungarian nobles and admirers in Holland were working to provide him by subscription a stable income. But their efforts would come too late. In November of 1791, his exhausted body began to give way completely and his mind was affected. He imagined himself to have been poisoned. At the end of the month he took to his bed and followed, in imagination, the triumphal progress of *The Magic Flute*. On December 4, he sang the first strain of the *Lacrymosa,* burst into tears, and then lapsed into unconsciousness. Music was the last faculty left to him.

Early next morning, the thirty-five-year-old Wolfgang Mozart was dead, and in only a few weeks no one remembered where his body lay. His wife, Constanze, was prostrate with grief and unable to attend the funeral. A few friends gathered at St. Stephen's Church for the brief service, but not one faced the bitter cold to follow the greatest composer of his time to a pauper's grave.


UNIVERSITAS JOANNIS GARROLT
1886